

# LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

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## LADIES MUSEUM.

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## Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

### THE ORPHAN CHILD.

It was near the last of autumn, that the fair lady of the castle walked out to inhale the pure morning air. She had not proceeded far, when she saw before her, at a short distance, a poor orphan, reclining beneath a "tall frowning oak." The leaves were falling around her "bosom of snow," while her beautiful tresses streamed loose in the wind. Her tears, which were more than words could express, indicated a story of deep woe. As the lady of the castle drew near, she, in anguish, exclaimed, "Succour one who never partook of a mother's joys, one whom fortune never blest with her smiles." The lady of the castle thus replied, "An orphan's sad situation, I well know, is grievous to be borne; but worse, far worse, is the fate of the widow, who has been deprived of her dear husband, and only darling child. Twelve years have elapsed since I escaped hither to avoid a cruel chieftain's wrath, and as I fled, my darling child was overwhelmed by the merciless frith, and sunk forever in the rapid tide." The orphan answered thus—"Tis just twelve years since some fishermen stood by Campsie's side and cast their nets. 'Twas on St. Bridget's morn, and the sun, with all its usual brightness, beamed upon the waters. It happened on this morn, that fickle fortune afforded them no "scaly spoil;" but, in the stead, an infant, near gone, they saved in their nets, as it floated down the tide. 'Twas myself, and 'tis they that have thus rear'd me to beg my daily bread, from your bounty." The lady, when she heard these words, screamed aloud, and quickly embraced the orphan. "You bear," says she, "my husband's looks; surely you are my darling child, my daughter and heir, which the cruel waves long since swept from me. O! blessed morn of St. Bridget! forever blessed! the happiest morn that e'er arose!" The lady then conducted her long-lost child to her mansion, and clothed her anew. The tresses, that before hung loose to the wind, were now decked with

bright, sparkling pearls. They lived together for many years, till the cold hand of death suddenly separated the mother from her darling child. But He, who is the "father of the fatherless," did not forsake her. Not long after, she was joined to one, with whom she spent the remainder of her days in peace and prosperity.

EUGENE.

### ASSOCIATIONS.

*How oft the shades of joys departed pass  
Across the scene, while Memory holds the glass;  
Till spell-bound Fancy thinks the whole is real,  
And spreads her arms to clasp a form ideal.*

There is scarcely any thing, from "the chaste cold moon," (that winds its way, in undisturbed serenity, through interminable space,) to the most common article of our good world, but that, when attentively observed by the mind of man, awakens remembrance in it of past times. When we look into the evening sky, when the moon is still smiling upon the beautiful world below, we can recollect the time when we used to sport with our young companions upon the green meadow, or wander with some pretty girl, as youthful, as innocent, and as happy as ourselves. Now conversing on the past, now anticipating the future: dwelling upon the joys and sorrows of this varied world, and often pausing to look upon and admire some bright cloud that was floating silently on through the mellow light, like a fairy island, that, guided by angel hands, was just crossing our sphere—revelling a few moments in the golden beams, and then passing away. As for me, when I gaze upon the moon, it always reminds me of past times. Rosy cheeks and laughing lips come across my fancy; and I can almost hear the silver voice of many a loved one who has long since mouldered in the tomb. I remember the stories of the poets—the fabled sports of those happy spirits who dance in the moonlight, and wanton on every breeze. Such are the associations that mingle with the pensive beauties of the silver moon.

A few weeks ago, I visited the scene where I had been educated—the spot where the first fleeting years of my boyhood had fled like a dream. It was a beautiful afternoon in summer, when I arrived at my hotel; the same house around which I had often played, and watched each successive carriage that rolled by. When I looked around me, every tree brought to mind some incident that would otherwise have been forgotten. I stood upon the meadow of my gay sports, and I could almost recognize the voices of my companions as they shouted in their play—"every man to his own den." The brook where I used to drop my line, and triumphantly draw my struggling victims to land, was still rippling in the breeze, and reflecting on its bosom the fairy world around. The old forest yet waved its rustling branches in the air; and I heard the same sounds as I was wont to, when, years and years ago, I trambled,

a mere boy, through the same beautiful scenes, and learned my young ear to catch the mingled music of the murmuring brook—the rustling branches and the clear silver warbling of the nightengale. I almost imagined I was yet a boy, and that all the busy, stormy incidents of my past life were but a dark confused dream—it seemed like stepping back from the misfortunes and sad realities of my present situation, and revelling in the happiness of my youthful days. The whole vision, (for it may be called one,) was created by the associations that crowded around every object that met my view.

When Captain Riley was bending beneath the burning fervour of a southern sun, and tiring his eye with the endless prospect of the desert, a green branch of willow presented to his sight, would have called up in his imagination the fairest scenes that nature could create. Beautiful valleys, with roses and gardens blooming in their sweetness, and shedding their fragrance, to perfume the breezes that wanted around: rivulets murmuring and gushing in their crystal beauty, over beds of diamond sands, and mingling their music with the melody of the air, hills of waving foliage; and the rich mellow landscape of some lovely spot that might rival the blush of beauty as the shadow of some passing cloud floated for an instant over its brightness, would all arise in fancied array before him—all called into life by the simple appearance of a willow branch. This is association.

In our course through life, as in a journey of a day, we often behold scenes that we love to look back upon and contemplate. When, after riding through a beautiful country, we find ourselves far away from the objects of our admiration—travelling, perhaps, over the unvaried surface of a desert, the shadow of a cloud may remind us of the beauties we have passed, and, as it darkens for an instant the sunshine around, we can almost imagine it is kissing the same varied loveliness of nature that is in fact blooming in its summer beauty far away. It is just so in our path through life. We have all, during our existence, met with beings whom we loved, but from whom fate has parted us, and like the meteor in an evening sky, they just gleam in our sight—just brighten for a little while the shadows around, and we see them no more. They are gone, but there are many little objects which will remind us of them, and bring them in all their brightness to our view: again we see sparkling eyes smiling upon us, and fancy pictures in life and loveliness the image that is gone.—A song we have heard her sing—a glove she used to wear—is associated with the beauty of the first object of our affection; and the very room in which she has moved seems still to echo to the voice of her who is there no more.

I remember when I was a young man, I passed a few weeks in a circle of company, lively, witty, beautiful, and all that could make a heart, young and ardent as mine then was, beat with pleasure. There

Jonathan W. Spencer



was one, however, one single being, who still hal- lows the remembrance, and makes me look back up- on the bright scenes that passed so swiftly away, with a feeling of mingled pleasure and pain. The fact is, we loved each other. I shall say nothing of the feeling with which I kissed the lip that told me I was not indifferent to her; but suffice it to say, that she is no more! I was the other day looking over my draws, when I saw a neatly folded paper, in which was enclosed a graceful ringlet of silken hair. It was Mary's. I looked at it a few moments with- out speaking. Yes, it was Mary's—dear, dear Ma- ry's. There it lay, the same beautiful ringlet that had once rioted in its privilege on her lovely neck. I could almost see her fair figure—her brow—her eye—her lip, seemed for an instant to live before me—and the lock to be reinstated in its former situation. For one fleeting moment I almost believed that Ma- ry was in my presence—and the next I felt a tear start into mine eye—and my lip, (unusual as it was to it,) quivered with emotion. I thought of her sylph- like form, as it was then, so graceful and lovely; and I pictured her as she is now—cold—inanimate—with- out life, feeling, or affection, passionless, and dead. I recollect the time when I stole the pretty ringlet from her neck, and kissed her into a smile of forgive- ness. The smile—her beautiful look—flashed a- cross my mind, and then the stern certainty that all was changed—lost alike in the unthinking clod that moulders in the grave.

Now why was this? What was there in the lock that could awaken into life emotions that had long slumbered in silence? What was the power that breathed its magic around me, and bore me far back again over the dim lapse of years, as though I had been spell-bound by an eastern enchantress? Another might have looked upon it—but no powerful e- motion would have started at the sight—he might have vouchsafed a smile at the silken beauty of the curl, but he would have looked in vain for those thousand mysterious associations that crowded a- round it, invisible to every eye but mine. Such were the feelings that came across my mind as I sur- veyed the golden relict of my pretty Mary; and small as it was, and insignificant as it would have been to any other eye, to me it was rich with the mellowed associations of past times. I looked upon it and wept.

*From the Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette.*

#### THE RUNAWAY MATCH.

Some few miles below the village of Augusta, on the Kentucky shore, there stands at this time on the bank of the river, a small double log cabin, the for- mer proprietor of which united for a long time the character of farmer, tavern-keeper, magistrate and ferryman, and if my recollection serves me right, he talked seriously for several years of being a candi- date for the legislature—he was a jolly fellow, fond of fun, and could never find it in his heart to refuse the kind solicitations of his guests, to partake with them of a cheering glass. Among the evenings that I have spent with this jocose landlord, there is one I shall long remember with a smile:

It was in the latter part of October, and near the close of the day, when, in company with two or three fellow-travellers, I arrived at the door: the clouds,

which had been lowering all the afternoon, now as- sumed a more dark and threatening aspect; the viv- id lightning which played along the verge of the horizon was followed by loud peals of thunder; the wind, with irresistible force, ascended the valley of the Ohio, and in a few moments the rain descended in torrents. We were offering congratulations to each other upon our comfortable situations, as we drew near the fire, when the trampling of horses was heard, and a voice from without crying—"hal- loo, the ferryman." The door was opened, and ex- hibited to our view a young couple, covered with mud and drenched by the rain, who desired to be ferried over the river without delay, as they were in great haste. The landlord cast his eyes towards the clouds, from which the rain was still descending with great violence, shook his head and desired them to dismount, declaring that his boat should not cross the river again that night. "Johnny, tell him he must set us over, and be hanged to him, (whispered the young lady, with great earnestness,) for that plaguy old dad of mine will surely be here before midnight, and then the jig is all up, as the saying is." Johnny bade his dear Sukey, as he was pleased to call her, hold her tongue, lest she should be overheard, and again hawling to the landlord, proffered him five dol- lars if he would ferry them over—but in vain; the landlord was inexorable, and after some little consul- tation they dismounted and approached the fire, from which we gladly retreated in order to avoid the water that dripped from their wet garments in great profusion.

As we walked to the other end of the room, one of my fellow-travellers, who readily conjectured the business of the hopeful couple at the fire, tapping me on the shoulder, whispered, "there's a runaway match for you, and as our landlord is ex officio Justice of the Peace, he shall marry them this very night, and rare sport we'll have of it, too." So saying he returned and entered into conversation with Johnny, who seemed highly pleased with such a mark of at- tention. Matters were very soon arranged to the satisfaction of parties, and the fair Sukey immedi- ately withdrew to the landlady's apartment in order to exchange her muddy garments for the bridal one which she had brought in a handkerchief suspended from the horn of her saddle.

We all now returned to the fire-side, and after some persuasion prevailed upon Johnny, who was a good-natured, simple country lad, to give us an ac- count of the singular adventure in which he was act- ing a conspicuous part. "We live, when at home, (says he,) forty miles beyond Lexington, and, about three weeks ago, I took it into my head to marry Sukey, who is an only child, and heiress to a snug little farm and several slaves; but her sulkey old dad resolved at the same time that I should not, and to work we went, as the saying is; I soon contrived to have several private interviews with Sukey, and, without much trouble, obtained her consent; and as to her father's opposition, she declared she was most heartily glad of it, for she should now have some charming adventures like lady Al-Algerona, or some such plaguy name, in the romance of the Moun- tains; and, finally, she declared she never would marry me, unless I would run off with her to the

State of Ohio, and thereby enable her to do some- thing as romantic as the heroine lady Algerona. So, in order to please her, and have a little fun to my- self, I agreed to start with her the next night at 12 o'clock; and, upon going to the house with our horses at the appointed hour, I found her setting at the window in the second story, reading her charm- ing romance by moon-light. I advised her to steal softly down stairs and come out at the end door; but no, that would not be like a heroine, and out hops a huge bundle of clothes, which so frightened one of the horses that he broke loose and gave me a great deal of trouble; just as I returned to my situa- tion under the window, down came Sukey, plump on my head, screaming out—"catch me, catch me"—and away we both tumbled to the ground. Curse on such vile adventures, and all heroines, too, tho't I—you had better knock one's brains out at once—but there was no time to lose, for the noise of our fall had awakened the family, and with as much haste as possible, placing her on one horse, and mounting the other myself, we left the house just as the old man opened the door. We have travelled almost night and day since we started, but so closely has the old fellow pursued, that he was in sight of us when we landed on this side of Licking River; but for the sake of a dollar, which I gave the ferryman, he agreed not to set him over for an hour, and thus enabled us to escape—and here you see us, half starved, and as wet as a drowned rat."

At this moment the bride came bouncing into the room quite metamorphosed, and chucking Johnny under the chin, informed him that she was now ready and that there was no time to be lost. She was a stout buxom lass, with sandy hair, full face and light complexion. Her dress was striped pink gingham, flounced with blue silk at the bottom, and ornament- ed most fantastically with many colored ribbons a- round her waist; her neck was partly hid by a string of large five-sided glass beads, and her hair profusely decked with artificial flowers.

Our landlord now arose, and, taking down an anti- quated volume from the shelf over the fire-place, which contained the church of England ceremony, desired the bride and groom to rise, and with all imaginable gravity, commenced reading the service; but ere he had proceeded two pages, a loud knock- ing was heard from without. "Good lack, (ex- claimed Sukey, with the utmost consternation,) I'll warrant that is my old dad—do sir, I pray, make haste and finish." The landlord beckoned to my officiating fellow-traveller to step to the door and prevent its being opened until the proper time, and, passing a bowl of punch which had been prepared for the occasion, to the bride and groom, desired them to be of good cheer, for he would soon be done. The ceremony was again resumed, as well as the cries from without for admittance; and, at the moment when the landlord was pronouncing them *man and wife*, the door flew open, and, to our great astonishment, in hops an elderly little gentleman, ex- claiming, with a loud shrill voice, "*man and vizen*, what does all this mean?"

He was about four feet ten or eleven inches in height, had long black hair, tied behind with a leath- er string, dark keen eyes, sharp aqualine nose—clad



in an old fashioned blue coat, and a pair of greasy buckskin breeches, that had perhaps descended from father to son for several successive generations; sharp-pointed shoes, fastened by large silver buckles; one foot ornamented with a rusty spur, and in his right hand a huge riding whip. He advanced with a quick step and indignant look towards his daughter, exclaiming, "you good-for-nothing jade you, I have got you at last, have I?" "Yes, dad, (replied Sukey,) but Johnny has got me too."—"Johnny," retorted the old gentleman, curling up his nose, and casting at him a look of the most contemptuous indignation. "Oh, daddy, what a charming adventure this has been, (exclaimed the happy bride, quite transported with the thought,) so romantic, so like lady Algerona in the beautiful romance of the mountains, so like"—"the d—l," replied the enraged father, with a sneer. "I'll disinherit you—I'll—I'll"—"love you all the days of my life," added the landlord, approaching the old man with the remainder of the punch, and with an air of the utmost nonchalance. We all now interceded for the young couple, and, having prevailed upon him to join us in drinking the remainder of the punch, we soon brought about a reconciliation, and, with the greatest good glee, spent the remainder of the evening.

## AN ODD COMPANION.

An eccentric old man was walking with a young friend who had recently met with a tender disappointment, and was using every endeavor to console him under his misfortune, or at least to rouse him from the despondency which it had thrown over his mind. All his efforts, however, failed of success, and the disconsolate lover walked by his side in dejected silence, neither amused by the bustle of the streets through which they passed, nor by the lively sallies of his companion. At length their progress was impeded by a crowd, through which they, with difficulty, made their way. The object of general attention was a poor boy who was crying bitterly.—He had, it appeared, been sent to bring a large tart from the baker's, but in crossing the street with imprudent haste, he had let the dish fall from his hands; and whilst he was bewailing his misfortune the broken pieces of his dainty load was rapidly disappearing among the compassionate group around him. The old man looked on with an air of grave humor; then, turning to his friend, said, with a half serious smile, "See, Tom, this is precisely your case. Be warned, I entreat you, by the example of this foolish boy, and keep your own counsel. Never let it be known that your heart has been broken by a faithless woman—or depend upon it, you will have the whole sex gather round you, affecting to offer consolation, but in reality, only trying if they cannot pick up some of the fragments."

## CANDID ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

At the Abington Sessions, a short time since, a worthy Lady appeared to swear to a pair of *Breeches* of her husbands, which had been purloined. On the production of the garments in court, she was asked to whom they belonged. "Why, (said she,) I think they belong to me, for I wear them sometimes."

## A SAILOR'S MISTAKE.

A Sailor passing one day through the town of Liverpool, and having occasion to buy Shoes, cast his eyes about in order to find out a shop in which he could suit himself to his satisfaction. He had not walked far when he saw the words—"ADAM STRONG, SHOE-MAKER"—in capital letters over the door. As the honest tar had not wasted much of his time in the study of orthography, he read it thus—"A dam strong Shoe-Maker." "This is the man for my money, (said Jack,) for I want a — strong pair of Shoes."

## SHORT COMMONS.

At a shop-window in — there appears the following notice:—"Wanted, two Apprentices, who shall be treated as one of the family."



## POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

## FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

"And shall I here abide the shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live?  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again."—SHAKESPEARE.

Oh! for a muse of fire—whose inspiration keen  
Might bear me onward as I write my theme;  
A theme more worthy of a feeling soul,  
Than light enigmas, or a coffee bowl.  
Of love I'll sing—that sweet, yet thrilling pain;  
On cupid's power, and all his pleasing train;  
On beauty bright, and sweet attractive grace,  
My mind shall ponder, and my pen shall trace—  
My thoughts, as freely as the water flows,  
From murmuring streams, or from the mountain's  
snows;

And could I have a Poet's tongue, and lyre,  
I'd speak with rapture, and I'd sing with fire.

Oh! for a pen, whose diamond point of old,  
The sins of Judah on their altars told:  
Oh! for a sceptre, like to Aaron's rod,  
That wav'd defiance to the Egyptian God:  
Oh! for the breast-plate of that Priest of yore,  
Which erst gave back the magic light it bore;  
And "Urim, Thummim," seen in every ray,  
Clear as the light from yon bright orb of day:  
Oh! for the lyre of Orpheus, whose clear sound  
Made mountains dance, and shake the solid ground:  
All these, I'd give, and more, for one short hour  
With her I love, in yonder fragrant bower.

Oh! for a spark of intuition's light,  
To pierce the veil that shrouds my erring sight,  
To view the future, and to guide my heart,  
Free from all shoals that slumber in the chart—  
Of love's fair ocean, and its rocks to shun,  
To guide my bark, and how my course to run:

Oh! for a faculty of second sight,  
To view my fair one, both by day and night:  
Oh! for a Byron's magic pen to trace,  
The glowing beauties of her charming face,  
As when in rapture I beheld the maid  
Reclining in the soft luxurious shade.

Not with more wonder, or with more amaze,  
Did Egypt's sorcerers, on their Monarch gaze,  
When Aaron's rod had swallow'd up their wands,  
Portending fell destruction to their lands—  
Than I—when first her angel form I view'd,  
So fair, so sweet, and with such grace embu'd;  
The summer breeze threw back her calash green;  
She wore no veil, her features fair to screen;  
Clear were her eyes, of bright celestial blue;  
Her cheek, the rose and lilies mingled hue;  
Her neck and hands were "white as falling snows;"  
"Round was her neck, and full her bosom rose;"  
Her auburn locks, in lucid curls array'd,  
Borne on the breeze, and by its force were sway'd.

While *Ludovico* sings of coffee's power,  
And sweet *Orlando* mourns the withered flower,  
My angel fair shall be my pleasing theme,  
While gliding down life's dark, resistless stream.  
Ye powers above, oh, hear my ardent prayer:  
Oh! keep her pure as heavenly angels are;  
And grant, once more, that she may meet my sight,  
Ere I may sink to shades of endless night.  
Methinks some one may now her name enquire—  
A name which kindles fond affection's fire!  
I fear to write it—but those magic names  
Spell-bind my heart, and rivet fast my chains.

J. S.

## TO HENRY L. H\*\*\*\*\*.

'Tis soothing to stray, when the sun's left the west,  
And the air breathes mild and serene;  
When the fair Queen of Night aloft rears her crest,  
To gladden the face of the scene.

I think, at such moments, of days fled away—  
Days pass'd with the friends of my heart;  
Time flow'd then so smoothly, my spirit so gay,  
I sigh'd when the hour came—to part.

Dear Henry, to thee were my pleasures all known;  
Thou ever wast faithful and kind;  
True friendship, between us, in childhood was sown;  
The harvest is quite to my mind.

In this world of folly we oft are deceiv'd  
By some blandishment held up to view:  
We grasp at a shadow, a substance believ'd,  
Disappointed, the search we renew.

If sometimes forgotten, by those we admir'd,  
For graces we fancy'd they had,  
Or those we esteem'd for their virtues desir'd,  
Yet still what avails to be sad?

Our sorrows will never prevent cold neglect,  
Nor bind to us even one friend;  
But if in truth's pathway we travel direct,  
Contentment of mind she will lend.

Friendship! sweet bond, has many charms to bestow,  
To cheer and enliven this life;



But of all the dear friendships existing below,  
I wish a true friend in a—*Wife*. FELIA.

## LINES,

*To the Memory of a Young Lady, seen for the first time, on a Spring morning.*

I love the mem'ry of the hour  
When first in youth I found thee;  
For infant beauty gently threw  
A morning freshness round thee.

A single star was rising there  
With mild and lovely motion;  
And scarce the zephyr's gentlest breath  
Went o'er the sleeping ocean.

I love the mem'ry of that hour,  
It wakes a pensive feeling;  
As when within the winding shell  
The playful winds are stealing.

It tells my heart of those bright years,  
Ere hope went down in sorrow,  
When all the joys of yesterday  
Were painted on to-morrow.

Where art thou now? thy once lov'd flowers  
Their yellow leaves are twining;  
And bright and beautiful again  
That single star is shining.

But where art thou? the bended grass  
A dewy stone discloses;  
And love's light foot-steps print the ground  
Where all my peace reposes.

Farewell! my tears are not for thee;  
'Twere weakness to deplore thee;  
Or vainly mourn thine absence here,  
While angels half adore thee.

Thy days were few and quickly told—  
Thy short and mournful story  
Hath ended like the morning star,  
That melts in deeper glory.

## SLY LOOKS.

Said Ann to her mother, affecting to pout,  
"That impudent man I detest;  
I can't shew my face, within doors or without,  
But I meet the full gaze of that pest!"

Don't you think, my dear ma, that a few hours ago,  
After passing him, (would you believe it?)  
He turned himself round, and he stared at me so,  
So steadily, none can conceive it!"

"Be cautious, my child, there is company here,  
And you may for imprudence be blamed;  
Who told you of all this impertinence, dear?"  
"Why, I saw it, and was so ashamed."

"Beware affectation, and vanity, too,  
(The mother replied with a smile,)  
When you saw him so steadily looking at you,  
Pray where did you look all the while?"

## REASON FOR THICK ANKLES.

"Harry, I cannot think, (says Dick,)  
What makes my ankles grow so thick?"

"You do not recollect, (says Harry,)  
How great a calf they have to carry."

## LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, NOV. 19, 1825.

## A HARD CASE.

The Editor of the Missouri Republican complains of the practise of transmitting advertisements from a distance, for insertion in his paper, and subsequently evading the payment. By way of checking this dishonest propensity, he threatens to publish the names of the defaulters, unless they take immediate steps to approve themselves honorable men. Among these delinquent debtors he gives the following instance, "which savours as strongly of ingratitude as of dishonesty:"

"A Lady, living in a remote country, having sued for a divorce, was, as usual, obliged to give notice of the fact through the medium of our paper, without which the object of her petition could not be obtained, and she, in consequence, be doomed to 'live alone.' Under such circumstances it would have been extremely ungallant to have refused her publication because it was not previously paid for. Of course it was inserted without hesitation—the Lady obtained her divorce, and a new Husband into the bargain—yet, notwithstanding, she declares, most positively, that she will not pay us!"

## MURDER OF MISS CUNNINGHAM.

John Conners, charged on *his own confession* with the horrid murder of this young lady in Maryland, several months since, has had his trial, and the Jury, after about an hour's deliberation, acquitted him upon the force of the evidence of respectable gentlemen from Millersburg, in Kentucky, that Conners, at the time of the murder of Miss Cunningham, was at Millersburg, in their employment. This case, according to the Baltimore papers, "has presented a singular instance of contrariety of proof of the identity of person, and of a man avowing himself a murderer, and of a Jury being satisfied that such avowal was untrue!"

## A WORTHY ACT.

A New-Jersey paper gives an account of a Mrs. Sarah Horner, with two children, and another woman and child, who, as they were driving a one-horse carriage down a hill near a Mr. Evans' mill, the quiliers broke, the waggon pressed upon the horse, he took fright and ran down the hill into the mill-pond, where the water was from ten to fifteen feet deep.—Mr. Charles Evans and another person hearing the splash, stepped to the mill door, saw the cause, and immediately leaped into the water, swam to the struggling sufferers, seized Mrs. Hornes, who held an infant under one arm, and who grasped him so tight with the other that he had no other resource to save himself or her but to disengage himself from her, which he happily effected, and with all possible despatch swam for a skiff, with which he returned, found Mrs. Horner holding on to some of the appendages of the horse with her infant still in her arm, and with the assistance of his companion, put

her and the child on board of the skiff, and happily succeeded in conveying all of them to the shore, two or three of whom, however, were in a state of insensibility, and in a few minutes more would probably have been beyond the power of recuscitation. Medical aid was resorted to, and Mrs. Horner, her infant, and the rest of the party are likely to do well; the horse was also saved.

## THANKSGIVING.

Thursday next, the 24th instant, is appointed to be observed as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer in all the New-England States, and in New-York.

## THIS IS A BEATER.

The Editor of the Bridgeport Courer says he has been presented with a BEET, of the scarcity species, weighing fourteen pounds, which *beats* all the BEETS he has heard of this season.

## TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"A. A. H." has been received, and shall appear next week.



## MARRIED,

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Dr. Robert D. Hemenway, of Shrewsbury, to Miss Eliza Jackson, daughter of Major Samuel Jackson, of this town.

On Monday evening, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. John W. Dexter, of Charlton, Mass. to Miss Hannah R. Henry, of this town.

On Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Enos H. Weedon, to Miss Rebecca W. Pettet, all of this town.

In Cumberland, on the 9th inst. by Rev. Mr. Cutler, Mr. Richard Ellis, of Attleborough, Mass. to Miss Nancy Sheperson, of the former place.

In Taunton, 6th inst. Mr. Ebenezer Gooding, of Wellington, to Miss Betsey Anthony.



## DIED,

In this town, on Monday last, Mr. Thos. A. Sweetland, eldest son of Mr. Daniel Sweetland, in his 20th year.

On Sunday last, Miss Caroline D. Field, daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Field, in her 19th year.

At Havana, on the 5th ult. of the yellow fever, on board brig Fame, of this port, George W. Laroby, youngest son of the late Mr. James Laroby, in the 17th year of his age. He was an enterprising and promising young man, and one upon whom a widowed mother placed her dependence for support in her declining years.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.